
The Gavelyte

2-1910

The Gavelyte, February 1910

Cedarville College

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NEWSALT *The Jeweler,*
Corner Main and 4th Sts., - - DAYTON, OHIO.

1906.

1910.

THE
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February.
Cedarville
College.

NEWSALT JEWELRY HOUSE,
Solid Sterling Silverware
Cor. Main and Fourth Sts., - - DAYTON, OHIO.

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The Gavelyte.

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY 1910.

NO. 2.

Psychology Series--Number Three.

W. R. M'CHESNEY, PH. D.

Closely associated with smell is the sense of taste. Its organ consists of the minute papillae found in the tongue, the sides of the mouth, and the back of the throat. Its only percept is taste. It is in direct communication with the brain and its immediate cause to consciousness is the excitement produced in the brain by the ninth and fifth pairs of nerves.

Space forbids more than a brief sketch of the remaining senses. The percept of sight is color, light broken up over surfaces. That of hearing is sound and that of touch is merely the lightest surface contact. All of these percepts are occasioned by excitement of the organism in contact with an external object and all are directly known to consciousness in the form of some brain activity appropriate to each. This activity occurs in the center receiving the nerve coming from the organ. This truth has been proved pathologically, as in different aphasias; and experimentally, as by electrical tests; and embryologically. The established fact of modern psychology is that consciousness depends upon brain activity. It remains for coming years to determine the exact relation between brain and conscious activity. At present it is a metaphysical question. One of the main sources of all our knowledge is sensation. It is the original source.

The claim to innate ideas is absurd. No doubt, the capacity to acquire knowledge is hereditary and also increased physiologically by exercise and growth of the nervous system. But no one is born with ideas in embryo. Tendencies and propensities are hereditary, but their results are developed or impeded as their possessor may choose. The claim of some that, if one were born absolutely without sense organs and could live, he would be a thinking, rational being can at best be only a claim without foundation in fact or thought. If there are no innate ideas there can be no such thing as original perception. All our perception is acquired. In our next article we shall discuss perception.

Unheralded Heroism.

BY D'WITT MORGAN, '12.

NOTE—This oration was delivered by the author at the State Oratorical Contest, Friday night, Feb. 11, at Alliance, O., the seat of Mt. Union College.

The history of primaeval nations is borne to us in songs to their heroes. The pages which record the progress of nations are pages adorned with the record of achievements of the great. The heroic deeds of noble men have never failed to excite the everlasting praise of an admiring world. The plaudits of a thankful people resound forever in praise of one who has averted from a fatherland an impending peril. Every heart beats with admiration for men who have changed the course of history that life might be better and happier to his fellow-men. The WORLD gives honor to men of courage and heroism, to men who have had the power to do the deeds the memory of which nations cherish with pride. These characters are placed in the realm of the heroic, they stand out pre-eminent and alone, alone like lofty peaks in the mountain range of greatness.

It would not appear that an advance of civilization has materially increased this tendency to hero-worship but that such is an inherent trait of man and from time immemorial every tribe and nation have honored the noblest and bravest of their number. The fierce Nomadic hordes that roamed the trackless waste of an Arabian desert, after their own fashion honored the accomplishment of a daring deed. The Red Man that pierced the hidden mysteries of a primaeval forest pondered o'er the deeds of an honored warrior brave. The onward march of civilization has necessarily changed man's ideas of true greatness but still there dwells that attribute of human nature which incites humanity to honor and to praise those who accomplish great and heroic deeds. Thus, every nation has its honored heroes, Germany has her Bismark, England, her Wellington, France, her Bonaparte, and America, her Washington and her Lincoln.

What a debt the world owes to such an attribute of human nature! How often has the story of the great deeds of great men awakened the dormant energies of youth and inspired that youthful mind with the possibilities of accomplishing some cherished ambition? How often has the memory of former heroes of a fatherland inspired a discouraged army with new vigor for another fray! Deeds of greatness have inspired the poet to the most sublime efforts of his genius, the orator to the most impassioned and grandiloquent words, the sculptor to the grandest and most magnificent productions of his art

But it is possible that in the bestowing of honors on the great, in the praise of world famed deeds, in giving glory to the rulers of men, man may too often forget the honors due to service. Too often do we see the brilliancy of the brightest stars but note not the gleam of the myriads of lesser lights that send forth their rays to add to the beauty of the starry heavens. We hear the notes of the lark rising in the skies but heed not the song of the countless little birds that add their simpler melodies to the grand chorus of a summer morn.

It is but natural for us to admire the courage of those who dare to die upon a field of carnage for a noble cause but let us remember that in a world of varied interests many an unknown hero is ever struggling in battles no less hard to fight and for a cause no less worthy to uphold. Then, when we laud the courage and heroism of some grand characters let us consider that the fortunes of men are directed in many and diverse channels. One denounces the authority of tyrannical kings, endures the perils of war, faces death in its most terrible forms; another follows the lower walks of life, goes from paths that might have been more pleasant to those that are rough and uninviting, from positions of power, honor and wealth to fields of service, humbleness and obscurity, led by duty and duty alone. Those that are summoned to the former paths the world calls heroic, their praises are heard for ages; the latter are considered unimportant and in the continuous strife for fame and power are spurned and forgotten. But shall we not honor one with the other and remember both as our heroes.

The one hero acts from different incentives than the other. The arena in which the unknown hero acts is not one of strife and adversity but of suffering and self sacrifice. No flags wave o'er him, no medals reward his bravery and when he falls as he often does, no pompous array signals the end of his courageous struggle but only the silent dropping of tears on an obscure grave

But a few months ago the beautiful city of Messina graced the shores of a southern, sun-kissed isle. The balmy zephyrs came o'er the tropic seas and fanned the brow of so many happy people there. The world seemed so great, so glorious, so happy to them then, but lo! how soon do the hidden, Titanic forces of nature change the scene from one of beauty and tranquility, to one of sorrow, sadness and death. The earth shakes and throbs in likeness to the billowy ocean, the hills are rent in sunder, the fragile abodes of man topple to the ground, the sea, shaken from its nethermost depths, roll in with long and mighty swells, and a city once so beautiful is the scene of darkest despair. The earth tremors had scarcely ceased, the mountains were still pouring forth their pent up fires and the sea had scarce regained its accustomed level, when the King and Queen of the nation came from regal surroundings to the scene of deepest sorrow that they might minister to the wants of their stricken people.

The acclamations of every nation praise the King and Queen of Italy for that noble deed. Every individual feels a thrill of pride to know that among the rulers of nations there is a man with a heart so large, with sympathy so great and with love so true for his subjects and his fellowmen. But when men remember the heroism of the Italian King and Queen let them not forget the galaxy of heroes who faced even graver perils, endured greater hardships for the sake of their unfortunate brothers and a cold and careless world gave them not a passing thought. Remember if you will the heroism of the great, but with that memory cherish the thought of countless noble and unheralded deeds of thy brother, of his services and sacrifice for the happiness and welfare of his fellowmen.

What pride fills the breast of every true American when he calls to memory the heroic deeds of those who fought to save our glorious nation when destruction seemed inevitable. How we honor

those who helped to free our land from the stigma of a system that approved of "man's inhumanity to man" Truly, never did any crisis demand such bravery and never was there a more devoted army of patriots than those who fought for our country's sake in those dark days of civil strife. Never can we give them praises too great and honors too many to compensate them for their brave and heroic deeds. But while honoring those heroes of days gone by, pause to remember the heroes that still live and fight with undaunted courage for the sake of right, justice and purity, and for the abolition of sin and prevailing evils. Remember those who are so earnestly striving to drive from our land the roots of evil and are working for the exclusion of a traffic that there is no law but what it violates, that has no respect for age or manhood, no love but love of gold, no pity but what avarice strangles. The ever waging battles between the forces of right and the powers of such evils are continually bringing forth heroes of the staunchest, bravest and truest kind, but so often do they strive on, unhonored, unpraised and soon forgotten.

When thou art standing in the garden of thy thoughts weaving from memory's choicest flowers a wreath to deck the brow of thy most honored hero, weave also another to the memory of the noble deeds that the world knows not. Weave within that wreath the memory of the sacrifice of him who leaves home and friends that he may dispel superstition and ignorance from a heathen people, who saves the Hindoo mother the necessity of throwing her beloved babe to the turbulent waters of the Ganges, who carries the religion of happiness and a true God to the uttermost parts of the earth; place with that memory the thought of those who so devotedly and cheerfully do the lowlier works of life; remember in that wreath a brave little newsboy who trudges through hot and dusty streets that he may gather a few pennies to aid a widowed mother in the struggle for a mere existence; weave within a flower for every noble deed that so often goes unnoticed; and when that wreath has become so great that thou canst weave no more may the four winds of heaven bear upward thy offering and rising higher and higher may every flower of memory become a star, and every star shine an eternal memorial to the world's Unheralded Heroes.

The Call of the Woods.

(BY WENDELL FOSTER)

Chapter VIII

ROY BECOMES BANK PRESIDENT.

Roy, after leaving the Bank that afternoon in June, first went home, where he packed his suitcase, leaving out that which was not a necessity; and after saying good bye to his mother and sister hurried to the depot. Because of the excitement, Roy for the first few nights slept little and time seemed to fly. But soon the days began to drag and plenty of time was his for reflection.

Naturally his thoughts would find their way back to the college days and the years since. While in college he thought there was no one quite so nice as Beth and he had gone so far as to think he loved her.

There had been many times since when he was discouraged and lonesome that he longed for just one moment with her. But with time had come a clearer vision so he now saw her as she really was. How many little things she would do that hurt him! She did not think it wrong for they had passed thru childhood in far different circumstances.

Nor how little did she know how he felt. But Beth was not the only one he had admired. Two others there were that he had especially liked. He and Scott had become close friends. Altho one had plenty of wealth, the other sometimes went without necessities. It was the genial spirit of Scott and the straightforward manly way of Roy that bound the cords of friendship which lasted thru life.

The other was a girl. Not pretty yet no one could say she was not good looking. She was smart, at the head of classes, liked among those who knew her, even adored—but known by few, quiet, yet you always enjoyed her company and in fact you would seek her friendship.

In this girl Roy found a companion, one who understood him, and one to whom he would carry the least little trouble. From her he would always receive sympathy and encouragement. So altho Roy was crossing the country at sixty miles an hour his thoughts were centered in the little college town as it had been six years previous.

Roy could not quite understand it but for some reason he found him-

comparing the two girls and Gertrude was having the uppermost place in his mind. His pulse was no longer quickened by the thought of Beth. In his heart was a longing to see Gertrude while Beth faded from memory.

Roy arrived in Seattle on Saturday evening. He soon was seated in the parlor of the Savory Hotel waiting for the sound of the electric bell to summon him to supper. After waiting here for about five minutes, he saw to his great surprise William Scott enter the room and take a seat opposite him. Scott's mind seemed to be occupied with something important for as yet he had not looked up. But when he was seated he slowly raised his head and let his eyes run around the room. When they saw Roy they stopped and soon a smile of recognition swept over his face. Both men rose to their feet and clasped hands. Scott had come to Seattle on business and was going back Monday. But Roy hearing about Gertrude, Beth and McNeil declined Scott's invitation to accompany him at that time. Making as his excuse, that he was there on business which would have to be attended to at once.

Early Monday morning Roy was at the wharf watching the loading of lumber. Being pleased with the regularity and swiftness of the work he decided to spend but few days here.

He next made a visit to the office where another surprise awaited him. He had only entered the building when he ran against McNeil but his surprise was still greater by the cordial way in which Ed greeted him.

When he had asked Roy to step into his office he told him every thing that had happened since they parted at college. How he had found Beth and that it was yet doubtful whether she would ever get well.

Roy was surprised at himself that he did not feel resentful and he actually rejoiced in Ed's happiness. He left the office feeling that Ed was a changed man and knowing that Beth was forever gone from him. Yet he did not wish it otherwise.

By the middle of July he had finished his inspection of the central camp. The next day he was going with Scott to Falling Water. They were sitting in front of the Bunk house when a horseman rode up with a telegram for Roy. It was a request to return to Pittsburg at once. McKee was dying and he was wanted. Roy persuaded Scott to return with him, for as Roy said, "he needed rest."

They arrived in Pittsburg about noon the next Tuesday. Learning

that McKee was dead and would be buried that afternoon, they hurried to get their dinner before the funeral. They were entering the church when they met Roy's mother and sister who were delighted to see Roy and pleased to meet Scott.

They returned after the services to Roy's home where Scott took interest in studying Helen Roy. His first impression was that she was another pretty society belle but he soon began to think different.

Roy was busy the following week behind closed doors with the Bank authorities. And the morning he and Scott started on their return trip to Washington, the papers came out with the statement that William Roy had been elected president of the First National Bank.

Scott was not slow in finding Helen an exception and when he asked her to write he had the pleasure of seeing her blush and answer: "I would be delighted to have that honor."

Roy noticing this was somewhat amused but the incident was soon driven from his mind by more important thoughts. But how Scott came to Pittsburg and became a leading physician and how he won the fair hand of Helen Roy has been left for another story.

Chapter IX.

When Gertrude and Beth received a letter that morning in July instead of seeing Roy and Scott, they were both disappointed. They had been waiting to see Roy for six weeks and just when they were expecting him they only received a letter saying he was going back East.

The disappointment was not so great for Beth as for Gertrude who had been barred away from home and who had loved Roy only to see all his looks, smiles, courtesies that she longed for, bestowed upon Beth. And now, when he was so near and she could not see him, it was too much for her already over-tired nerves. So she rushed away into the woods to tell her disappointment to the birds and noiseless pines.

Beth was gradually getting strong and well. McNeil had to go to the city to take his father's place in the office and he was anxious for Beth to go with him. He became the owner of one of the finest residences in Seattle.

If Ed had misgivings about Roy renewing his relations with Beth they were soon put to rest and he and Beth went on with plans for their wedding in August.

On their way back Roy and Scott stopped in St. Louis. For this reason

it was the middle of August before they arrived in Seattle. They soon learned that Roy and Beth were to be married on the following Friday evening at the mission. Roy at first would not consent to go but after much begging Scott persuaded him to consent. They arrived only an hour before the wedding but everyone was delighted and they were made welcome.

After the wedding Ed and Beth were occupied with their own thoughts. Scott had been called away and Gertrude was not around, So Roy slipped out into the starlight. He scarcely knew where he was going, but soon he was aware that the creek was in front of him and the form of a girl standing looking into the water. Presently she turned and saw him watching her. She came towards him and he could feel his heart beating so loud he thought she would hear it. The color coming and going in her face brought back to his memory the time they together had left Palace Hall and passed out into the moonlight. He knew then she was the best friend he had, but now he could see she was more than a friend. He looked at her—the creek behind her and the water in the ripples bubbling and sparkling in the moonlight. In the water was the reflection of forest and stars and placed in the centre a girl the picture of health and beauty. He could have believed it to be an angel and it is no wonder he lost his reason for a moment—this man who by his level head and clear thinking had in six years become president of one of the greatest National Banks—he was losing his head in the presence of only a girl. In a moment he was at her side and had taken her in his arms; but she pushed him away, not rudely, but gently pushed him back and withdrew herself from his arms. Then she turned upon him with an icy look that made his heart freeze, and exclaimed: "Will Roy, what do you mean?" "Gertrude," he said, "If I have offended you I am sorry. I mean I love you and have been waiting for a long time to tell you and when I saw you standing there I could not wait a moment longer—I had to let you know." Gertrude said, "You never let me think that before and just because you can't have Beth you think you want me, but I don't fancy second choice." With this she darted past him and started on the run up the path towards the house. Roy stood and watched her disappear with a feeling half of wrath and half amusement. "Well" he said, "she told me what she thinks of me, but," more soberly, as he remembered that picture, "she will think the same as I do before I go back East—and if I am not mistaken she will go along."

After McNeil and Beth returned to the city Roy was left to himself, Scott also being very busy. As yet he had not mentioned his business, but he soon told Gertrude and she accompanied him on many of his trips. The evening by the creek had never been mentioned but the conversation often drifted onto dangerous ground but Gertrude would always see this and suggest a race or ask about some plant or tree.

One more day and he was going to leave. He had given up all hope of Gertrude going with him. He had gone with Scott that morning but leaving him after dinner, started back to Falling Water by himself. Roy had never been at the falls so he tied his horse to a tree and was soon standing above the falls. The stream flows down a gorge; the gorge at this place deepens making a fall of about sixty feet. Except for the roar of the falls, the wind playing in the pines and the singing of the birds, everything was quiet. Being in no hurry he sat down upon a mossy knoll. He must have fallen asleep for he awoke with the feeling that someone was calling him. He raised up and looked around but saw no one. It seemed the call was that of the woods. He was so certain he had been called that he got up and looked down over the edge of the gorge. He soon saw Gertrude standing on a ledge of rock about half way down. The path by which she had reached it was from below but this fact did not stop Roy. Calling to her that he was coming, he started down the descent dropping from bush to bush. About half the distance had been covered when a root to which he was holding broke and he went tumbling and sliding down the hillside. Gertrude had watched him with beating heart and when he slipped she had given a little cry but before she could move he was lying at her feet a motionless form. She stooped over him and felt for his pulse. Not finding it she thought he was dead. She commenced sobbing and telling how she had always loved him and how much she wanted him and now he would never know. "Oh! if I had only told him that night by the creek it would have been different."

Roy was not unconscious. He could hear every word she said but the shock had made him powerless to move. Finally with a mighty effort he opened his eyes and sat up but one arm was useless. Altho his arm pained him severely, he was never so happy and he asked her to go East with him and be his wife. His answer was to go to the place where he had first told her he loved her that evening and he would get his answer.

Roy was at the end of the path by the creek long before the shadows began to fall. His arm was only sprained and in the excitement he did not notice it. At last he saw her coming and he knew what his answer would be. He was a little surprised at the way she acted. She was in a teasing humor. She told him he did not want her and asked him what his other lady friends would say. Try his best to catch her he could not. She would skip along in front of him. Finally he told her she would have to kiss him for every time she teased him. Every man's patience has a limit and when she cocked her head over on one shoulder and pulling her scarf over her head peeped out at him, he could endure it no longer——This time she did not push him away nor give him an icy look but looking up into his face with confidence she smilingly said, "Will, dearest, I will go with you in the morning."

The End.

Current Events.

There is enough happening both at home and abroad to satisfy the most ambitious reporter. The month of February started off with a trio of mine disasters that were horrifying enough in themselves, while the floods in Paris remind us that that city was originally built upon a swamp. The carnival of murders and divorces still continues in our own country and furnishes food for the sociologist and reformer. In domestic politics, the Ballinger-Pinchot case has the center of the stage. Pinchot took his publicity bureau with him when he left the forestry office, and Glavis seems to be a man whom nobody can cork up. It is to be hoped that the stable will be locked up before all the horses are stolen, as a little Alaska coal would come in handy at our house when the gas gives out. The most noteworthy thing in the whole case is that not even the shadow of a charge or imputation has been made against Pinchot, the man who was removed. His integrity remains unsullied, even if coal is the matter in dispute.

Both the Federal government and the government of Ohio have appointed commissions to investigate the causes of the high prices of food stuffs. This sounds silly to anyone who has a grain of sense, for everybody knows that the food supply is cornered. Hogs are selling at nine cents on the hoof, but bacon is twenty cents a pound. Somebody between the farmer

and the ultimate consumer is making eleven cents. The same rule holds good for all other eatables. The commissions will fool around till next summer and then report that they cannot explain it. Meanwhile the bulk of the people will diet themselves perforce, and possibly boycott in two or three directions, and the stored-up food will crawl from its hiding-place at lower prices.

A bill has been introduced at Columbus providing that a street-car patron need not pay fare unless a seat is provided for him. It is supposed that this will make the street-car companies provide more cars at rush hours. It will do nothing of the sort. The cars will be jammed worse than ever and everybody will want to stand. The only way to remedy the difficulty will be for the conductor to refuse to let any more on after the last seat is filled.

A vigorous effort is being made to amend the Rose law, so as to exempt wet municipalities from the decision of a dry county. It is to be hoped that the project fails, and very likely it will. Any other course would only be a retrogression that would have to be retraced at some future time.

Student Volunteer Convention.

The thousands of young people who had the opportunity of attending the Student Volunteer Convention at Rochester, New York will never forget the five days from Dec. 29 to Jan. 1, 1910. Neither can they forget the great privileges which were theirs as they listened to speaker after speaker talk on the one great theme "The making of Jesus Christ known to all men in this generation."

Never before was the need brought so clearly before us. Never did we realize the awful darkness of these heathen lands. Never did we ap-

preciate so fully the greatness of the work and the scarcity of workers. Never were we made to see so plainly the great opportunities before us; nor were we ever given such a vision of our responsibility and of the real joy in the work.

Missionaries from every foreign country come to us with their messages of hope. Over and over again we were told that there never was a time when the people were so ready and anxious to receive the gospel; there never before was a day when these foreign countries were opened up to the missionary as now. Today even the governments are recognizing the work and worth of

the missionary and are extending their encouragement and aid.

One of the most enjoyable features of the convention was the singing of the Student Volunteer quartette which was organized more than fifteen years ago and which has furnished music for every convention since its organization.

One of the most remarkable things was the quiet and order which prevailed throughout every session of the convention. Even before the opening of the sessions there was none of the usual buzzing of conversation which ordinarily characterizes such large gatherings. Much time both preceding and during each session was devoted to silent prayer and meditation.

We will never forget the impressive services when the volunteers were called upon to tell of their decisions to go to the foreign field and of their reasons for going. We were proud to know that Cedarville had a representative among those who expect to go out to India to labor among the people there.

We hope that when the coming four years have gone and another Student Volunteer Convention is held that Cedarville may have many delegates to represent her.

When a girl looks like a child who has been stealing jam—kiss her

The Support of Presbyterian Schools.

527 E. 25th st., Los Angeles, Cal.
Jan. 11th A. D. 1910.

Gavelyte

Dear Young Friends—

I clip from the Phila. "Presbyterian" of the issue of Jan. 5th A. D. 1910., an article entitled "Presbyterians and Presbyterian Colleges," and send it to you with the request that you publish it in the Gavelyte. It is so good a vindication of the denominational college that I feel that all papers, in any way representing these colleges, will do well in giving it farther publicity. So I ask you as representing our Cedarville College, that you, in your place, do what you can to "keep the ball rolling." Yours in the interest of the Christian—the denominational college. Your friend and and a friend of the Cedarville College, under the direction of the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian church,

John Alford.

PRESBYTERIANS AND PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGES

In a leaflet sent out by Wooster University, which is making an appeal for funds to enable it to secure a conditional endowment, the following reasons are given as to why Presby-

terians should support Presbyterian colleges:

1. Because they have done good work in the past and are doing good work now. The Christian college antedated the State University by more than a century. The Christian colleges have in many States set the standard to which the State institutions have been compelled to attain. Many of the brightest graduate students at the great universities obtained their bachelor's degrees at the denominational colleges, and many of the most successful men in public life received their training in Christian institutions. Among such institutions none have had a more honorable record than those which have been maintained by Presbyterians.

2. Because, as a historical fact, aside from technical and professional schools, higher education in this country has been fostered from two sources, the State and the Churches. The State institutions, excellent as they are in many ways, are avowedly secular in their spirit. The denominational college has laid the maximum of stress upon evangelical Christianity with the minimum of emphasis upon denominational peculiarities.

3. Because they are the best means known for preparing men for Christian leadership in the professions, in government, in education and in civil

life. The mission of the Christian college is not only to equip young men and women with modern learning, but also and distinctively to build them in Christian character, imbue them with the spirit of service and send them forth to be leaders of men in all the avenues of life. For the advancement of the kingdom of God in its broadest sense, there is no more strategic work than this.

4. Because of their vital relation to the work of Christ. The Christian colleges have been the source from which our theological seminaries have received nine-tenths of their students for the gospel ministry and from which have come nearly all our missionaries. To judge of the future by the past, to allow our denominational colleges to languish, would be as fatal to the aggressive work of the Church as to close West Point or Annapolis would be to the efficiency of our army and navy.

5. Because they belong to us. They were founded by our fathers in faith and prayer "for Christ and the Church." To neglect them is to be disloyal to the memory of those who founded them.

Referring to Archie, a New Lexington citizen asked the ball team if they took "grandpa" with them on all their trips.

College Societies.

Oratorical Association.

Friday night, Feb. 11th 1910, was an important one in the history of Cedarville College. That night the girls' basket ball team of this college met the Muskingum team. The Varsities met the strong Miami aggregation, and greatest of all Mr. Morgan represented the college in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest which was held at Alliance. We hope for success to rest upon each of these representatives but greatest of all upon Mr. Morgan.

Philosophic Society.

The first Semester is now over. Also is the society contest. Altho the Philosophics have failed in having the majority of points, they can truthfully say that all they did get were received only by honest labor. It is not definitely decided as to whether or not they will contest in a similar way with the sister society this semester. But if they do they can win by more points than the number by which they were defeated this time.

The first program of the second Semester was rendered Monday evening Feb 7, which proved to be an extremely instructive and interesting one. One of the main features of

this program was the debate on the subject "Resolved: That "Rats" are detriments to the beauty of young woman." This subject was well handled. The learned judges finally granted their decision in favor of the affirmative. This society expects this meeting to be only a starter for the interesting programs they expect to render. Come one, come all. Bring your friends, and tell your friends to bring their friends.

Philo Wins.

The contest is over and Philo comes off victor. The last few meetings proved to be the best of the semester. We feel that this has been our best year and are indeed proud of the work which has been done. Every member stood loyal to the society and we hope that the interest will continue throughout the year.

Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association still holds the weekly meetings on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock in the Philo hall. As the week beginning Feb. 13 is to be observed as a week of prayer throughout the Cedarville, Clifton and Yellow Springs churches, the Y. M. C. A.

expects to observe this also, and we hope that each young man interested or disinterested in the work of the Y. M. C. A. will do all they can to help out both themselves and others in these meetings.

Y. W. C. A.

The subject of missions was taken up in the Y. W. C. A. meetings the past month, Miss Mary Ellen Lownes leading the meeting Jan. 21. It proved to be a very interesting and helpful meeting. The last few meetings have been better attended and all the girls are cordially invited to our meetings which are held each Thursday evening.

Our delegate to the Rochester convention, Miss Ada Allen, brought back to us very interesting reports, and helpful ideas for our work. It was unfortunate that Prof. Smith was unable to attend the convention also, representing the faculty.

Boy's Did'nt Join.

Cedarville, Ohio.

Feb. 9, 1910.

Dear mother:—

I want to tell you about the exciting time we had last night. Some of us boys found out that the girls were planning to have a good time down at Spencer's so we decided to go down and join in. The girls are usually too slick for us, but this time

we managed to find out where they were. We got a lot of the fellows together and even the Science professor was wild to be in on the fun. We got down there just as one of the girls went in and we pushed in right behind her. Imagine how horror-stricken we were to find the parlor full of ladies and not a college girl in sight. We jumped to the conclusion at once that we had stumbled into a neighborhood prayer meeting and when the ladies pushed us out we went without much resistance, especially as they pinched and pulled the hair of some who did resist.

Some of the boys were so bored they went home at once but I hung around and peeped in the windows and after awhile I saw the girls come down stairs. Then some one played the wedding march on the piano and soon a regular wedding procession appeared, with groom and best man and a minister in black robes and a little ring-bearer and two little flower girls in short white frocks and long curls. Then came the bride on her fathers' arm but as she had on a long veil I did not recognize her. I knew all the others. The groom was Wilhelmina Mitray, one of the basket ball team, and the minister was Miss Allen, a tutor in the college. The best man was Myrtle Morrow, the bride's father, Bertha Anderson and

the ring-bearer, Lelia Morgan. Ethele Spencer and Grace Beckley were the flower girls and Bertha Strain was bride's maid. The bride's mother, Mary Ellen Lowmes, cried all through the ceremony but all I heard were the last words of the preacher.

"On this evening, in winter weather
I joined this man and maid together.
And if Willie gets mad and gives
Grace thunder,
I give them permission to part
asunder."

When the bride put back her veil I saw that it was Grace Morton. Then they went out to the other room where a splendid wedding supper was served.

The girls certainly got ahead of us beautifully for once and we boys feel pretty cheap but of course we say that we don't care. Well, I must stop.

Your loving son,

John.

Athletic News.

Cedarville played their hardest game this season on January 15, when they played Wooster University at Wooster. Here Cedarville was defeated by the score of 34 to 17. During the first half the Cedarville players seemed to be attacked with stage fright for Wooster made

22 points to Cedarville's two. But in the second half Cedarville came back strong and out played their opponents making 15 points to Wooster's 12. The Cedarville stars in this game were Palmer and Fields.

Not content with winning all their games at home the Cedarville team went down to New Lexington Jan. 28th, and played the strong independent team there, and won by a score of 25 to 20. This was a victory to be proud of for this team had been defeated but once before this season, and then only by 2 points.

Cedarville went on from New Lexington and played the Muskingum five at New Concord on Jan. 29th. Owing to having played a fast game the night before they were defeated by a score of 52 to 16.

The Muskingum warriors suffered a severe shock when they came down to Cedarville confident of winning the game which was played in the Alford Feb. 3. For Cedarville started in the first half and played fast basket ball, making 47 points to Muskingum's 17. But in the second the visitors came back strong and made 35 points to our 20, making the score 67 to 52 in favor of Cedarville.

On the evening of Jan. 20th the Lebanon University Basket Ball team

played the Cedarville five at the Alford. This was a rather uninteresting game as the visitors did not play a very fast game and Cedarville won by a score of 70 to 25. Palmer and Williamson played a great game at center and forward, Dunlap the other Cedarville forward also played a great game considering it to be the first one he played with Cedarville.

Line up.

Lebanon		Cedarville
Jordan	l f	Williamson
Prickett	r f ..	Dunlap, McGaffie
Sturgeon.....	c	Palmer
Scofield.....	r g.....	Dixon
Cass.....	l g	McClellan

Goals:—Prickett, 3; Sturgeon, 4; Scofield, 1; Cass, 2; Williamson, 14; Dunlap, 5; Palmer, 11; McClellan, 3; Fouls—Sturgeon, 4; Palmer, 4.

On Jan. 22, Cedarville journeyed over to Antioch. From the very start of the game it was noticed Antioch would like to knock some of our boys out but by fast and superior playing the first half ended with the score 8 to 13 in C C's. favor.

Antioch's referee took charge of the second half and he at once began calling fouls on Cedarville which were not. And it did not take long for any one who was half awake to see that Antioch knowing they could not win by clean Basket Ball had resorted to their old tricks of winning

by foul play. The Cedarville boys were sportsmen enough not to start a fight but quietly left the floor, and refuse ever again to play Antioch or any other college which has no respect for clean, fair athletics.

On this same evening the Cedarville college Girls' Basket Ball team went over to Antioch and were defeated by a score of 20 to 13. The girls played their best and the 2 Cedarville forwards, Miss Bertha Anderson and Grace Morton, showed up well.

Well! Well! Well! Who said that the Cedarville girls could not play basket ball? Who ever said so was badly mistaken for on Feb. 11th the girls went up to New Concord to play the Muskingum girls. Cedarville won by a score of 15 to 14. Miss Anderson played a star game for Cedarville.

The Cedarville basket ball team added more laurels to its name when it defeated the fast team from Oxford called the Miami University Reserves. On Feb. 12 Cedarville won the fastest game played, as yet, on our floor by the score of 45 to 35. One of the reasons of the close score was the fact that the Cedarville team was in a patched up condition. The following is the summary of the game:

Cedarville		Miami
Dunlap	l. f.	J. Carr
Palmer	r. f.	Hunsinger

Williamson	c.	McCann
Dixon	r. g.	Koantz
McClellan	l. g.	Brown

Goals—Carr, 4; Hunsinger, 3; McCann, 7; Brown 2; Dunlap, 1; Dixon, 1; McClellan, 1; Williamson, 10; Palmer, 6; Fouls—McCann, 5; Palmer, 7.

Mrs. John Alford.

The beloved wife of Dr. John Alford, of Los Angeles, passed from this life February the fourth. Her death resulted from pleurisy complicated with other ailments. Dr. and Mrs. Alford were united in marriage fifty-four years ago last October. They were scarcely ever separated from one another and their lives together were happy and helpful. Students and faculty join in mourning with our good friends, Dr. Alford and family, one who loved us and often helped us both by kind words and deeds. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Local News.

Oh you—?—ring!

Dunlap is a shining star these days.

McChesney's front porch still seems to be a good resting place.

An expression of Palmer's: To a more or less greater extent.

Walter Harriman is trying to start a new "College Stunt" by abolishing collars and ties.

Prof. Allen made the remark that teachers are not made, but born. Some of them ought to be born again.

Howell, the Fotografer, has fine post cards of the Basket Ball teams for sale. Better see him.

Recipe for sore neck:—A trip to the country with frequent application of soothing syrup.—Dr. W. F. Foster.

The college is very unfortunate in losing Mr. E. H. Dunlap who is now attending the school of Nature's Resources near Selma, Ohio.

Mr. Ritter said he didn't expect he would have time to root at the basket ball game at Wooster as he would have something else close to look at.

The song "What can be seen thru the knot hole in father's wooden leg" has changed to "What can be seen thru the key hole in the chapel door." Ask Phil and Grace about it.

P. Dix at New Concord talking to the barber:—Have you a garage in this "city"?

Barber:—No.

P. Dix:—How many automobiles are there in this city?

Barber (impressively):—None, but two or three go through here every summer. (Aren't they lucky?)

The GAVELYTE.

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Hiram College. With the showing made this year Cedarville has every chance of making first place next year.

College spirit is a good thing. Time and time again we have been told that the more college spirit that is manifested in an institution the better and more successful it will be. This is true of the true college spirit and we hope that it may be shown in Cedarville. But we thank God that in Cedarville we have not the spirit such as we have seen in other institutions—the spirit which says win by fair means if possible but, above all things, win. This is not college spirit such as may be commended but of a variety that must be condemned by every true man and especially by every true Christian. Victory at the price of unfairness and dishonesty is ten times worse than defeat. Let us rejoice in our victories and may our contests all result in victories. But if defeat comes and it has and will come we can at least say we did our best and be as proud of old C. C. as if she had won every time.

The Inter-collegiate Oratorical contest was held at Mt. Union College, Alliance, O., Friday night, Feb. 11, 1910. Mr. Becker, who represented Wittenberg, took first place. He will represent Ohio in the Inter-state contest which is to be held some place in Nebraska. The subject of his oration was "The Moulding Power." Mr. Lewis from Muskingum received second place on the subject, "The Vital Problem." Mr. DeWitt Morgan, '12, of Cedarville, took third place. His oration, "Unheralded Heroism" appears in another part of this issue. Mr Morgan's style, thought and delivery were very highly commended by the judges and audience. The contest next year will be held at

Palmer, speaking about getting whipped when a boy, said that every time he remembered it he thought of the time he could get his satisfaction.

Local News Cont'd.

The girls at McChesney Hall have all joined the "Standing" committee.

Brigham:—What a sweet complexion Miss Mitrav has!

"Archibald":—Gee! You been tasting it too?

"My life is yours," Prof. cried;

And Bertha's smile allured—

"I'll take it," sweetly she replied

"Providing it's insured."

Josephine Orr was seen writing the word, Marion, whereupon E. McClellan said, "I wish you would stop thinking about him all the time" The answer was, "Well, what if you could not."

Father James H. Creswell would have been proud of his son, "Archie,"

if he could have heard him Sabbath Day, Jan. 30th, at Fort Johnson, Muskingum college. (For further particulars see A. L. Palmer, Jr.)

Lelia, as she came home from school:—Mother, our arithmetic teacher has a serpent's tongue.

Why Lelia, how can you say such a thing of Miss Allen?

Why you know she is an adder.

Miss Allen (at missionary meeting at Vera Andrew's):—As a missionary entered a village the natives all cried 'The Devil is come, The Devil is come'.—At this critical moment, Roy Henderson knocks at the door.

Roy Henderson (meeting Miss Allen on the street several days after the missionary meeting):—The Devil is here.

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College Views Now a Specialty.

Marion Buck, of Muskingum college, asked every boy on the Cedarville college ball team when they were up there, how his little Frauline Orr was down here.

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Oh you "Turban" Girls and "Duck
Bill" Boys.

J. Stewart:—Let us burn Prof. Al-
len in effigy.

Ustick:—No, let us burn the real
thing.

"Brick" Fields should now be called
"Deacon" Fields—you missed it, not
hearing him up at Muskingum re-
cently.

"Bobby" Dean has now experienced
one of the trials of college life—sus-
pension. Bobby says he is the first
one in the family.

Helen:—I was sitting on the sofa,
wrapped in my own thoughts—

Elwood:—Goodness! Didn't you
take an awful cold?

Favorite food of some members of
the club:

Prof. Palmer—Shepherd's pie.

Prof. Smith—Short cake.

Miss Allen—Devil's cake.

J. K. Williamson—We do Knott know

McClellan—Hastings' pudding.

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